



Accessions
151.524

Shelf No.
G.4011.4

Barton Library.

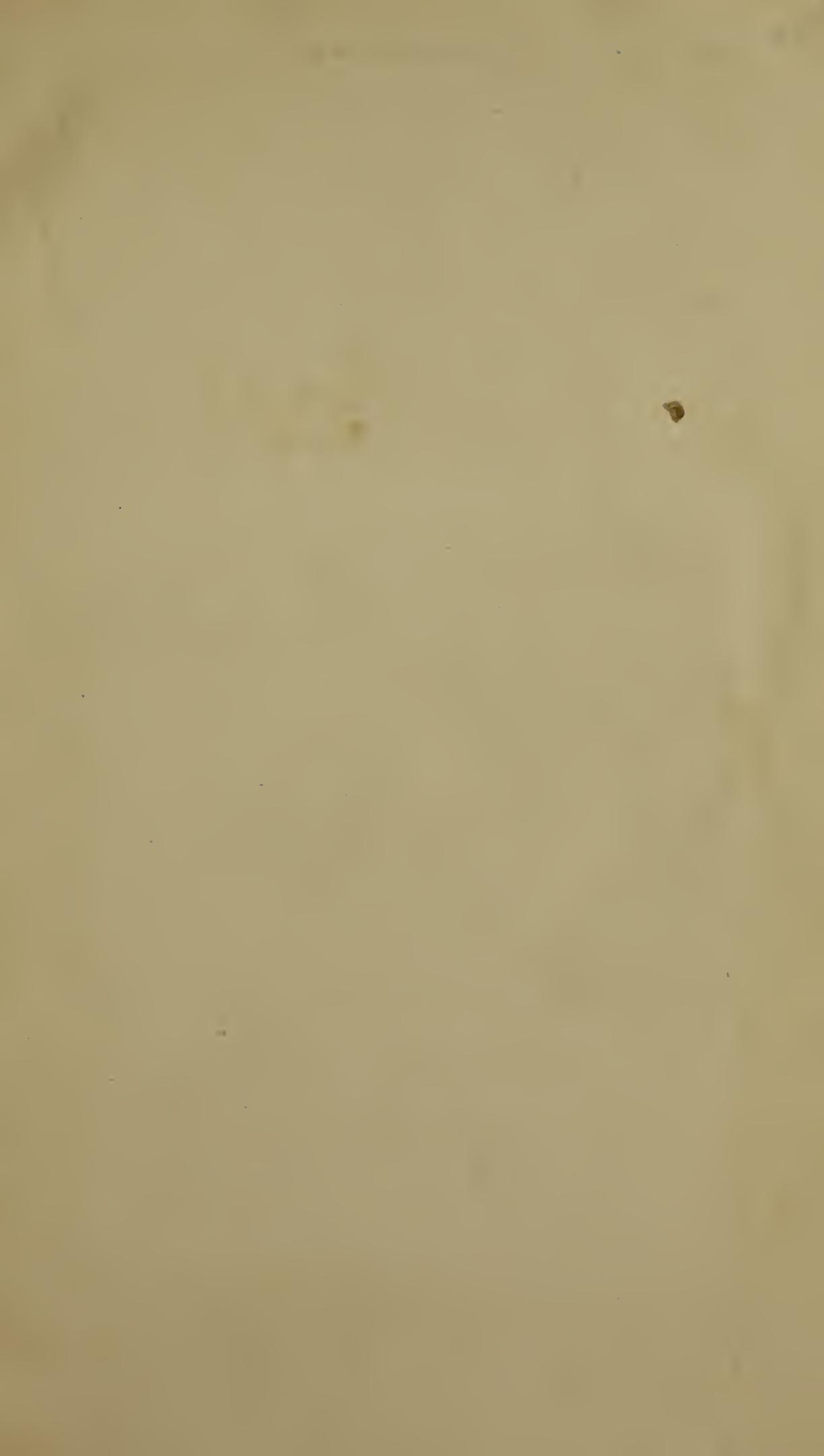


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Set to be taken from the Library.



Shakspeare's
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,
A HISTORICAL PLAY,

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Cobent Garden.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND C. REES, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

1804.

[Price Two Shillings.]

G. G. 64

Barton Library

151.526

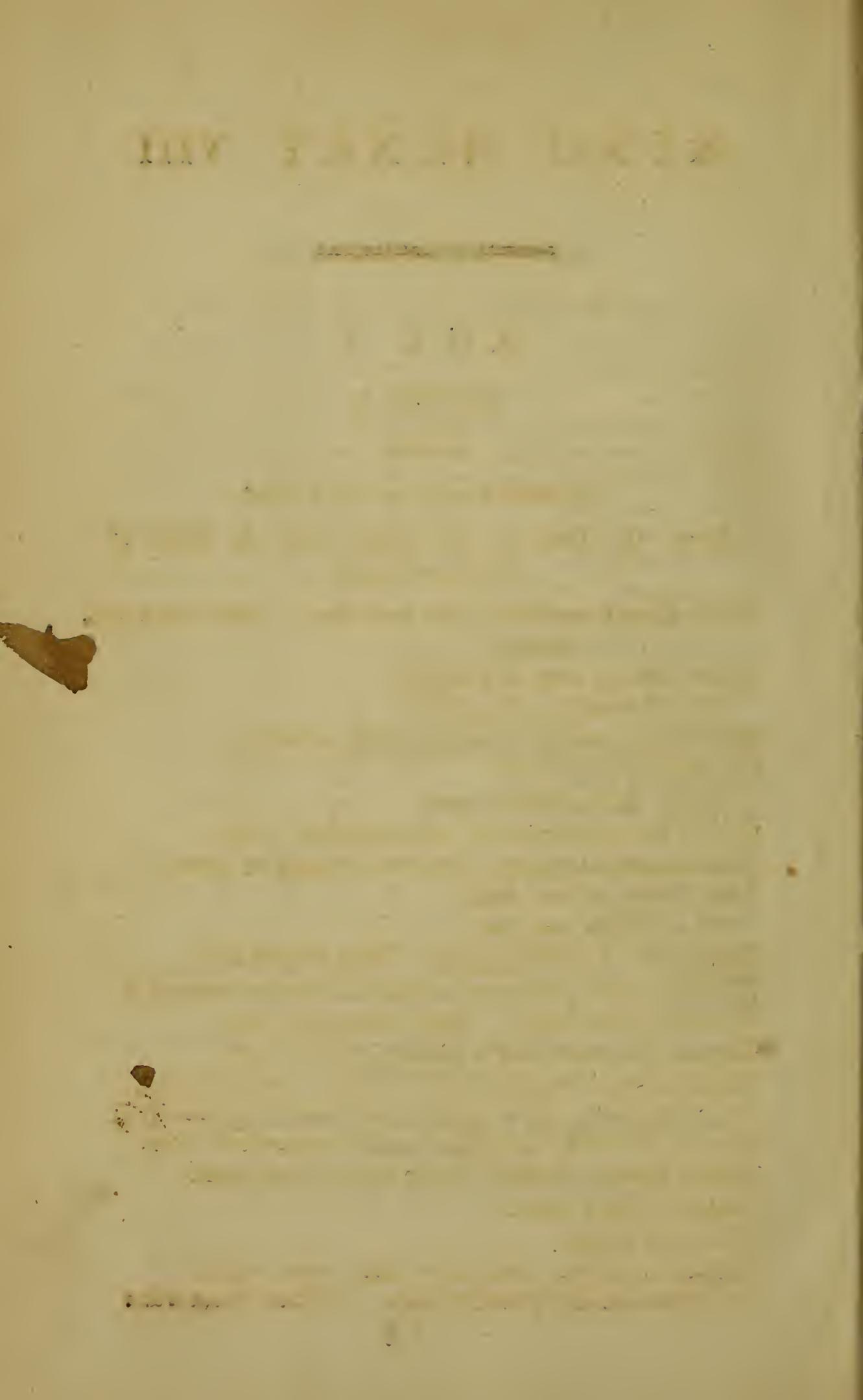
May, 1873

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>King HENRY the Eighth,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. COOKE.
<i>Cardinal WOLSEY,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. KEMBLE.
<i>Cardinal CAMPEIUS,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. HULL.
<i>CAPUCIUS,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. DAVENPORT.
<i>Archbishop CRANMER,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. MURRAY.
<i>Duke of BUCKINGHAM,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. BRUNTON.
<i>Duke of NORFOLK,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. CRESWELL.
<i>Duke of SUFFOLK,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. WADDY.
<i>Earl of SURREY,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. H. SIDDONS.
<i>Lord Chamberlain,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. FARLEY.
<i>Lord SANDS,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. SIMMONS.
<i>Sir THOMAS LOVEL,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. CHAPMAN.
<i>Sir HENRY GUILDFORD,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. CLAREMONT.
<i>GARDINER,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. MUNDEN.
<i>CROMWELL,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
<i>BRANDON,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. FIELD.
<i>Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. KLANERT.
<i>Clerk of the Court,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. CURTIES.
<i>Keeper of the Council-chamber,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. ATKINS.
<i>Queen KATHARINE,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. SIDDONS.
<i>Lady DENNY,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
<i>ANNE BULLEN,</i>	—	—	—	Miss BRUNTON.
<i>PATIENCE,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. ATKINS.
<i>AGATHA,</i>	—	—	—	Miss FREDERICK.
<i>CICELY,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. WATTS.

• *Lords, Ladies, Bishops, Judges,—Officers, Guards,—and Attendants.*

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.



KING HENRY VIII.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

London.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine.

The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them. When these suns

(For so they phrase 'em,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities?
Why took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon.

Nor. The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal.

You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that
rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Footmen,—Guards,—Gentlemen,—one Gentleman
bearing the broad seal,—another the Cardinal's hat,
—two Gentlemen with silver pillars,—two Priests
with silver crosses,—Sergeant at Arms with mace,
—two Gentlemen-ushers bareheaded with wands,—
Cardinal WOLSEY,—two Pages bearing his train,—
CROMWELL with despatches,—two Secretaries with
bags of papers,—Chaplains,—Gentlemen,—Flotmen,
—Guards.

WOLSEY in his passage fixes his eye on BUCKINGHAM,
and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha ?
Where's his examination ?

Crom. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

Crom. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more :—and Buck-
ingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt WOLSEY, and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him.—

I read in his looks

Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick : He's gone to the king ;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord.

And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot

That it do singe yourself :—Nay, be advis'd.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't ; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform 't ;)

Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rincing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. 'Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let it be : to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead : But our count cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd: whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd ;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Sergeant at Arms, BRANDON, and Guards.

Bran. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty;
'T is his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's chaplain, nam'd John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK, BUCKINGHAM, BRANDON,*
Sergeant, and Guards.

SCENE II.

The Council-chamber.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, King HENRY, leaning on WOLSEY's shoulder; NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Sir THOMAS LOVEL, and CROMWELL.—The Cardinal places himself at the King's feet, on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—

[*The King and WOLSEY sit.*]

Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*Sir HENRY GUILDFORD without.*]

Guil. Room for the queen.

Enter the Queen, ushered by GUILDFORD, who places a cushion on which she kneels.—The King rises, takes her up, and places her by him.

King. Rise.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects
 Are in great grievance : There have been commissions
 Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
 Of all their loyalties :—wherein, although,
 My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
 Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
 Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
 (Whose honour heaven shield from soil !) even he
 escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
 In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
 It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain
 The many to them 'longing,
 Compell'd by hunger,
 And lack of other means, are all in uproar,
 And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation !
 Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord cardinal
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir,
 I know but of a single part, in aught
 Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others : but you frame
 Things, that are known alike ; which are not whole-
 some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear them,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
 They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction !
 The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction ?

Queen. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
 Comes through commissions, which compell from
 each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
 Without delay ; and the pretence for this
 Is nam'd, your wars in France : This makes bold
 mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
 Allegiance in them ; their curses now,
 Live where their prayers did.

I would, your highness
 Would give it quick consideration.

King. By my life,
 This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
 I have no further gone in this, than by
 A single voice ; and that not past me, but
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
 'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through.

If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statutes only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,

Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission : ' Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To CROMWELL.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon.—The griev'd com-
mons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[Exit CROMWELL.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound : but he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell.—

Enter Surveyor.

Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. There is, says he, a *Chartreux friar*, that oft
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper : bid him strive
To the love of the commonalty ; the duke
Shall govern England.—

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul ; I say, take heed.

King. Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 't was dan-
g'rous for him
To ruminante on this :—He answer'd, *Tush !*
It can do me no damage : adding further,

That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what, so rank ! Ah, ha !
There's mischief in this man :—Canst thou say fur-
ther ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time :—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on : What hence ?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard : who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Queen. Heaven mend all !

King. There's something more would out of thee ;
What say'st ?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with—the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. (*Rises.*) There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial ; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,

Let him not seek 't of us ; By day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle

Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
They've all new legs, and lame ones ; one would
take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt, reign'd among 'em.

Enter LOVEL.

Cham. What news, sir Thomas Lovel ?

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is 't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 't is there ; now I would pray
our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Sands. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I 'm glad they 're going :

Now,

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r-lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you a going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 't is true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in
him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else : which I would not be ;
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.—
Your lordship shall along.

Sands. Ay, ay ; if the beauties are there,
I must make one among them, to be sure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*York-Place.**Musick.**A State for the Cardinal, and a Table for the Guests.*

ANNE BULLEN, Lady DENNY, and other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests, Wolsey's Servants attending them, discovered.

Enter GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Chamberlain, SANDS, and LOVEL.

O my lord, you're tardy ;
The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em :—By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !

Sands. I would, I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? (*All sit.*)

Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.—

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze ;

Two women plac'd together make cold weather :—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
'Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :

[*Sits between ANNE BULLEN and Lady DENNY.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter two Gentlemen, WOLSEY, two Pages, and CROMWELL.—All rise.—WOLSEY takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.—All sit.*

Flourish of Trumpets.]

Sands. Your grace is noble ;
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

[*Servant gives him wine.*

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam ;
For 't is to such a thing,— [Drinks.]

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[Drums and Trumpets,—Cannon discharged,—All rise.]

Wol. What's that ?—

Look out there, some of you.

[Exit CROMWELL.]

What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd. [All sit.]

Enter CROMWELL.

How now ? what is 't ?

Crom. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they've left their barge, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome ;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[Exeunt Chamberlain, CROMWELL, and two Gentlemen.]
You've now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.—

Musick.

Enter CROMWELL, and Chamberlain, introducing the King, NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, in masks, and eight Attendants, habited as Shepherds, followed by two Gentlemen.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
 Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
 But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
 Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
 An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
 They've done my poor house grace ; for which I
 pay them
 A thousand thanks, and pray them take their plea-
 sures.

[*The King converses with ANNE BULLEN.*]

[*A Dance.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,
 Till now I never knew thee.

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me :
 There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
 More worthy this place than myself ; to whom
 If I but knew him, with my love and duty
 I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the company.*]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one they all confess,
 There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
 Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen :—Here I'll make
 My royal choice.

King. You've found him, cardinal :—

[*The King unmasks—all rise, and bow.*]

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
 You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
 I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
 Your grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My lord chamberlain,—
 What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,—

I were unmannerly, to take you out,

[*To ANNE BULLEN.*]

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Nay, come;
I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ;—
Good my lord cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ;
Which being ended, they shall all go sleep :
Then this, which doth a happy vision seem,
May be again repeated in a dream.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt WOLSEY, with lights, the King and ANNE BULLEN, Chamberlain, NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, Lord SANDS, and Lady DENNY, CROMWELL, two Pages, LOVEL and GUILDFORD, and the rest of the Guests.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

*A Street.**A Bell tolls, and muffled Drums beat.*

Enter Guards, Tipstaves, LOVEL, Executioner, BUCKINGHAM, GUILDFORD, Gentlemen, and Guards.

Buck. You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
 And by that name must die ; Yet heaven bear witness,
 And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
 The law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice ;
 But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians ;
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—[*Bell tolls.*]—Lead on.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven.
 Commend me to his grace ;
 And if he speak of Buckingham, ' pray, tell him,
 You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Guil. Prepare there ;
 The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Henry,
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant :
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell : I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :—
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :—
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink you. [The Bell tolls.]

All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Remember Buckingham.

[*The Bell tolls—Muffled Drums beat.*]

[*Exeunt Guards, Tipstaves, Executioner, BUCKINGHAM,
LOVEL, GUILDFORD, Gentlemen, and Guards.*]

SCENE II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, meeting the Chamberlain.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suf. 'Pray heaven he do! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. Let us in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

Suf. See, the king.

Enter the King, reading pensively.

How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray heaven, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences, Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way, Is business of estate; in which we come To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold; Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business; Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter WOLSEY, and CARDINAL CAMPEIUS, with a commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey, The quiet of my wounded conscience, Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome, Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom; Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place: But this cannot continue.

Aside.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

King. Go.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK, and NORFOLK.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom Above all princes, in committing freely Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
 The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
 Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judge-
 ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. In mine arms I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
 They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
 loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,—
 (The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
 • In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
 quainted

Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my
 favour

To him that does best; heaven forbid else. Cardinal,
 'Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
 I find him a fit fellow.

WOLSEY goes out, and returns with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to
 you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Walks and whispers with him.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!

That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt WOLSEY, the King, and CAMPEIUS.*]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and Lady DENNY.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her:—
 I swear 't is better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow:—
 Who would on such conditions be a queen?

L. Den. Beshrew me, I would; so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

L. Den. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be
 a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

L. Den. A three-pence bow'd would hire me,
 Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
 What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
 To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

L. Den. I would not be a young count in your way,
 For more than blushing comes to.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
 For all the world.

L. Den. In faith, for little England
 You'd venture an emballing: I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
 No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth,
 to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women: there is hope,
 All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray heaven, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bless-
 ings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely,
 The king's majesty
 Commends his good opinion of you, and
 Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
 Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
 A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
 Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
 What kind of my obedience I should tender;
 More than my all is nothing.
 ' Beseech your lordship,
 Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
 As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
 Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
 I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
 The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
 Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
 That they have caught the king: And who knows yet,
 But from this lady may proceed a gem,
 To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
 And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

L. Den. The marchioness of Pembroke!
 A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
 No other obligation: By my life,
 That promises more thousands:—By this time,
 I know your limbs will bear a duchess;—Say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
 Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
 To think what follows.—
 The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence: 'Pray, do not deliver
 What here you've heard, to her.

L. Den. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt ANNE BULLEN, and Lady DENNY.*

SCENE IV.

*A Hall in Black-Friars.**Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.**The Court sitting for the trial of Queen KATHARINE.—**The King, WOLSEY, CAMPEIUS, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, Chamberlain, LOVEL, CROMWELL, Bishops, Judges,—Gentlemen and Ladies,—Clerk of the Court,—Officers, and Guards,—discovered.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Crom. Say, Henry king of England, come into
the court.

Clerk. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Crom. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into
the court.

Clerk. Katharine queen of England, &c.

*Enter the Queen preceded by GUILDFORD with a cushion,
which he places; then the Queen kneels.*

Queen. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.—(She rises.)

Alas, sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable.

Sir, call to mind,

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been bless'd
 With many children by you : If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgement : Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore: If not; i' the name of heaven,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you defer the court; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

[CAMPEIUS rises.]

Wol. Your pleasure, madam? [WOLSEY advances.]

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire,—

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or heaven will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which heaven's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth.

In him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak

To oppose your cunning. You're meek, and humble-mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility: but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride;
 That again
 I do refuse you for my judge;—and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it; 't is not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Clerk. Katharine, queen of England, come into
 the court.

Guil. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? ' Pray you, keep
 your way:

When you are call'd, return:—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—' Pray you, pass on.—
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt GUILDFORD, and the Queen.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
 The queen of earthly queens:—She's noble born;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carry'd herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd,) whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness; or

Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't.

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd;—
But will you be more justify'd?—you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
And oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,—
Thus it came;—give heed to 't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of our good queen:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. Break up the court.— [The King rises.]
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.—
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
'Prythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.]

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE.

An Antechamber to the King's Apartments.

*Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY,
and the Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, if you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language:
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unsolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarry'd,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
 To stay the judgement o' the divorce ; For if
 It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
 coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
 After his patient's death ; the king already
 Hath marry'd the fair lady.

Sur. But, will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?

Suf. No, no.—

Cardinal Campeius
 Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you,
 The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Nor. But, my lord,
 When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
 Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce :
 Shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
 Anne's coronation. Katharine no more
 Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,
 And widow to prince Arthur.—
 The cardinal—

Enter Wolsey, and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
 Gave 't you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—

[*Exit CROMWELL.*

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens !—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-
broke !—

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her vir-
tuous,

And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause,—that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king ! Again, there is sprung up
A heretick, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 't were something that would fret the
string,

The master cord of his heart

Suf. The king, the king.

Enter the King, with a letter in his hand, and reading a schedule.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thirst,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion
Is in his brain :
In most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind.—If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon.

[*The King signs to the Chamberlain, who goes to WOLSEY.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me !—
And ever bless your highness !

King. Good my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King. 'T is well said again ;
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

[*Aside.*]

Sur. Now heaven increase this business !

[*Aside.*]

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My study'd purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities :—I profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'T is nobly spoken :—

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this ;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit the King, frowning upon Wolsey ; the Nobles following him, whispering and smiling.*

Wol. What should this mean ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear the story of his anger.—'T is so ;
This paper has undone me :—'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I 've drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the pöpedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know, 't will stir him strongly ; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I 've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, and Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Esher house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,—

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em ?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it.—Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You 've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards.—That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents : Now, who 'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou 'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :—

Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,) Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and soul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 That I, i' the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. Your long coat, priest, protects you.
 My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope, against the king : your good-
 ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
 man,

But that I'm bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
 And spotless, shall my innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
 You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you 've sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,) To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities.—

Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ;
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him.—My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you :—

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, and
Chamberlain.*

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;

And,—when he thinks, good easy man ! full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I 'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truely happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience.

Crom. I 'm glad your grace has made that right
 use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have : I 'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—

What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them !—
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Go, Cromwell.

Crom. O my lord,

Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, no noble, and so true a master ?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
 Let's dry our eyes : And thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in :
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.—Lead me in :—
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own.—O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE.

An Apartment at Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager*, sick, attended by CROMWELL, PATIENCE, AGATHA, and CICELY, who lead her to her chair.

Crom. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Cromwell, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden.—
Didst thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Crom. Yes, madam; but I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. 'Prythee, good Cromwell, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Crom. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Crom. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness

Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
 Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity,—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ;
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Crom. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water.—May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Cromwell ;
 I were malicious else.

Crom. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle :
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one :
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer :
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good he did it ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :

And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing heaven.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Cromwell :
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !—
Patience, be near me still.—Good Cromwell,
Cause the musicians play me that said note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[PATIENCE sings.—KATHARINE falls asleep.]

*Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O, take me to your care;
Speed to your bless'd courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white!*

Kath. (Wakes.) Spirits of peace, where are ye ?
Are ye all gone ?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Crom. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :—
Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Crom. None, madam.

Kath. No ? saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
And brought me garlands, Cromwell, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Crom. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Enter GUILDFORD.

Guil. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a sawcy fellow ;
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Crom. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Guil. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me uninannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Cromwell:—But this
fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GUILDFORD, and CROMWELL.*

Enter CROMWELL, and CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.—
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. [Presents the letter.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter ;—
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
 Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
 And a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
 The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me :—
 And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord.—Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.

[*CAPUCIUS* kneels, and kisses her hand.

When I am dead,
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave :—
 Although unqueen'd, inter me like a queen,
 And pay respect to that which I have been.

[*Exeunt*, leading *KATHARINE*.

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter the King, and SUFFOLK.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on 't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.—

Enter LOVEL.

Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou ? ha !
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman.

King. Alas, good lady !

Suf. Heaven safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir !

King. 'T is midnight, Charles ;
'Pr'ythee to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.

[*Exit SUFFOLK.*

Lov. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Lov. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'T is true: Where is he, Lovel?

Lov. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[*Exit LOVEL.*

Enter LOVEL, and Archbishop CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery.—

[*LOVEL seeming to stay.*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exit LOVEL.*

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must have some talk together:
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
 Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
 In us, thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up.—
 Now, by my holy-dame,
 What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
 You would have given me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
 Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you,
 Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
 The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty ;
 If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
 Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
 Being of those virtues vacant.

King. Be of good cheer ;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
 You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use ;
 If entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the goodman weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—

[*Exit CRANMER.*

He has strangled
 His language in his tears.—

LOVEL, and Lady DENNY, without.

Lov. Come back ; What mean you ?

L. Den. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—

Enter Lady DENNY.

Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head,—

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

L. Den. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: Angels of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 't is as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel,—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[*Exit the King.*

L. Den. A hundred marks! By this light, I'll have
more:

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER.

Cran. I hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gen-
tleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means this?—

Hoa!

Who waits there?—

Enter the Keeper of the Council-chamber.

Sure, you know me?

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Enter GUILDFORD, behind.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.—

Guil. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit GUILDFORD.*]

Cran. It is

Sir Henry Guildford: As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
'Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make
me

Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

[*Exit CRANMER.*]

SCENE III.

The Council-chamber.

The King's chair, raised, in the centre,—the Lord Chancellor at the upper end of the table on the left hand,—a seat left void on the right, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.—NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, Chamberlain, GARDINER, LOVEL, in order on each side,—and CROMWELL at the table, as Secretary,—discovered.

Gard. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Enter the Keeper.

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop ;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Nor. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

Enter CRANMER.—Exit Keeper.

Nor. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty.

You 've misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm
With new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords ; for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well.

' Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in 't !
' Beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. ' T is his highness' plea-
sure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
 You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful : I see your end,
 'T is my undoing : Love, and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition ;
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been : 't is a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
 Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do :
 Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much ;
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Gard. Then thus for you, my lord,—it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? You're strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there. [Rises.]

Enter the Keeper of the Council-chamber.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lord.
I have a little yet to say.—

[Exit the Keeper.]

Look there, my lords:—

[They all rise, and look at the ring.]

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Gard. Is it the king's ring?

Suf. 'T is no counterfeit.

Sur. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on 't!

Enter the King, frowning on them; when he takes his seat, they all sit.

Gard. (Rises.) Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
 Not only good and wise, but most religious :
 One that, in all obedience, makes the church
 The chief aim of his honour ; and to strengthen
 That holy duty, out of dear respect,
 His royal self in judgement comes to hear
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender. [Sits.]

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such flatteries now.—Good man, sit down :—
 Sit down, I say.—Now let me see the proudest
 He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
 By all that 's holy, he had better starve,
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Gard. (Rises.) May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.—

[GARDINER sits.]

I 'd thought, I 'd had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowsy foot-boy
 At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
 Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
 Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
 Not as a groom : There 's some of ye, I sce,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Nor. My most dread sovereign, may it like your
 grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
 Take him, and use him well ; he 's worthy of it.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—

[They embrace CRANMER.]

My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me :
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism ;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour : How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons : you shall have
Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of
Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset : Will these please you ?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it. [Embraces CRANMER.]

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart.
The common voice, I see, is verisfy'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt the King, CRANMER, GARDINER, Chan-*
cellor, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, Chamber-
lain, LOVEL, and CROMWELL.

SCENE IV.

The Palace Yard.

The Procession to the Christening.

SCENE V.

*The Palace.**Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.**The King, and all the Court, discovered.*

Cran. (Kneeling.) Now to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray ;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.—

[*The King takes the Child, and kisses her.*
With this kiss take my blessing : Heaven protect thee !
Into whose hand I give thy life.]

[*Returns the Child to the Duchess of NORFOLK.*

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir ;
For heaven now bids me : And the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed.

Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless her ;
Her flocks shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow :
Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does.—I thank you all.—
Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank you,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

